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THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 24, 1855.

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SAMUEL OWEN is authorized to canvass for subscribers in the city of Boston.

Sketchings.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—We have invited several friends, not professional writers, of whose literary talent we were fully cognizant, to contribute to the pages of THE CRAYON, and, with one or two exceptions, have received negative replies, based on alleged incompetency. A lady friend, of whose talent we have a deservedly high estimation, replies in a letter, from which we give an extract:—

"I wish I knew enough to write for your CRAYON, but indeed you mistake me. I see nothing, I hear nothing: and, depending in my life-struggle upon nothing but God and my own spirit, what can I have to tell others to keep them on their way?"

"I shall, of course, expect great pleasure and benefit from the CRAYON, from your penetration, and that of others qualified to cheer the pathway to the good and true, and open the deep vistas to infinitude itself. Perhaps you think the way to the good and true is always cheerful. Oh, no—oh, no. Eyes that see not, and ears that hear not, are as common as ever they were, and the inharmonious earth, to those who really seek, jars upon the ears, and tears dim the eyes of those even who look upwards. You must give us light."

In replying to this we reply to many others. Next in real value to the world, to a true teacher, is a true seeker; and to ask an earnest question is the next greatest thing to answering it. We are all teachers of something, if we are true to ourselves, and all, equally, students of many things; and the just expression of a doubt or of a desire to know, will sometimes awaken in a thousand hearts trains of thought which lead to truth. We need in THE CRAYON, as in the world, true questioners—spirits who are not too proud to admit ignorance, and are strong enough to confess their weakness. "Unless ye become as little children," you can no more enter the realm of wisdom than the kingdom of heaven.

Every true feeling of every true man or woman towards nature is matter of Art and of value to the world. But it must be true feeling—not sentiment *sought for*. Believe us, in our lookings at nature we are far too feverish about what we shall think of that which we see. Thought comes to us not when we ask for it, but when we have fitted the mind to receive it tranquilly and humbly; and of all useless, idle, worthless things in the realm of intellect, a forced thought upon nature is the most inane and valueless. The holy influences of the outer world are poured into us by every avenue of sense, when, peaceful and pure in heart, we can tranquillize the inner world so that it shall harmonize with that outer.

We desire to make THE CRAYON the medium of the expression of all such true feeling, and the form of it is of less importance than the substance.

We shall take the liberty of condensing, smoothing, &c., all communications which may be sent us, except those which we have explicitly requested on definite topics, and this as much in justice to our correspondents as ourselves.

Correspondents who wish to be made exceptions will please notify us to that effect, in which case the communication will be accepted as it stands, or rejected altogether.

CASTING IN BRONZE.—Mr. Robinson's new process of casting in bronze was exhibited to perfection in June last. By this method, works of great size and importance are moulded entire, instead of piecemeal, as of old. Every multiplication of the acts by which a work of Art is to be transferred from its original Art-language into another, increases, it will be obvious, the risk of some sacrifice of the author's intentions or proportions,—so that Mr. Robinson's new method, by which a single act of translation is made to suffice, is at once a simplification and a most valuable improvement. The first experiment on a large scale was made with Mr. Behnes's Peel statue for the town of Leeds, and the success was such as to establish the process for future great works. In the present case, the subject was the fine statue, upwards of ten feet in height, which Mr. Baily has modelled for Sir Robert's native town, Bury, in Lancashire. Of old, the casting of large pieces, even when such works were divided, took place in pits dug to contain the mould,—and the legs and trunk would have received the burning stream which was to harden to immortality within them in upright posture. On the present occasion, a huge iron case, strongly bound and riveted, had been built on the surface of the floor, of dimensions to receive the full-length figure in a horizontal position. Close at hand glowed and roared the huge furnace in which the fusion of metals was, under the compelling power of a heat intensified into almost invisibility, for hours going on. When this process of fusion was accomplished, the mixed metal, to the weight of more than two tons, was received into an iron cauldron, and swung by machinery to the case which enshrined the mould. In the black sand that formed the roof of this case and of the mould there was one great vortex for the reception of the flaming material,—and from this, channels running in all directions to convey it horizontally to every part of the figure at once. Here, the liquid flame was skimmed: and, after a few minutes of breathless pause,—under the influence of strong excitement to the spectators, and of deep anxiety no doubt to those more immediately concerned,—the final signal was given. The cauldron was turned over at the mouth of the vortex, by the machinery from which it sprung, and in thirty seconds, by a stop-watch, the Bury "Peel" was cast! The thing was like the creation of an enchantment. The workmen at once proceeded to the task of knocking away and uncovering; and the result was a cast of surpassing beauty—almost perfect from the mould itself—and scarcely needing the chaser's hand.—*English Paper.*

The "new process" which English founders have recently discovered, and which is described above, is nothing more or less than casting in "flasks," instead of pits in the ground,—a process in common use here for several years. Large works in bronze are cast in parts for convenience's sake only, as, if it were desirable, the Ames Company could cast a statue of the most colossal dimensions without a "new process," but as the advantage to be gained is more than doubtful, and the expense much greater, the plan of casting in parts, and bolting together, is adopted, giving all the strength desired, and great conveniences in transporting and erecting.—EDS. CRAYON.

DOINGS IN THE STUDIOS.—Kensett has just finished a picture, which he gives the name of "An October Day in the White Mountains." It is, to our mind, the most powerful in color,

and most satisfactory, as a whole, of his pictures, so far as we have seen. In the distance is Mount Chocorua, and the Saco, in the middle distance, winds through a valley dim with the purple autumn haze, and in the foreground, most judiciously used, are a few flashes of strongly-colored autumnal foliage.

Church is at work on a large composition of South American Andean scenery. A picture, recently finished for Mr. Sturges, from the material gathered in his South American tour, is one of the most attractive and poetic compositions he has produced.

Stearns is painting Washington as the statesman, for his Washington series; the incident being the adoption of the Constitution.

Greene, whose exquisite piece of color in the last Academy exhibition won him so much applause, is painting a portrait, which promises still more.

Walcott, who has recently returned from Paris, has brought with him several compositions painted there, which show a great improvement from his European study. The overthrowing of the statue of George III. at Bowling Green, has some very brilliant color, and a passage of pioneer life, an American Mazeppa, is a wild episode of our history.

Thompson has a hunting scene on one of the lakes on his easel, and a road-side scene just finished, shows, as it ought, improvement. If the "hard times" make the artists' work the harder, we shall scarcely regret them—when they have passed.

A TRUISM, by a correspondent, tells what thousands say, but which, if a few even, felt entirely, would do all for Art that need be done. It is a sentiment grown common-place, but which has great rarity—in actual use:—

"When I look around me, and see how insensible many, who call themselves artists, are to the majesty of Art, to its deep religion, how they degrade it with their triviality and superficiality, and with it, themselves and the public taste, I am sad, indeed! What is to become of the temple, when its very high priests profane its altar? Every day I am more convinced that we, servants of Art, must be true, even in the smallest trifles, to our work, to be ever unmoved by the low taste and false ideas around us."

We shall commence soon the publication of a series of articles, by Ruskin, on *the Poetry of Architecture*, published in *London's Architectural Magazine* for 1837-8. They will be found, we think, exceedingly interesting, both from their being comparatively early works of the author—and from their being mainly on domestic architecture—the cottage and the villa.

We learn that \$15,000 have been appropriated for statuary, &c., for Mount Auburn Cemetery. Among the works are statues of John Adams, Governor Winthrop, and James Otis. They are to be in marble, but properly protected from the weather. Greenough will execute that of Winthrop, Rogers that of Adams, and the third has not, we believe, yet been assigned.

We feel sometimes really sad, that so small a portion of the world seems inclined to look for the beautiful side of common things. If men would but believe it, there is scarcely a circumstance from which a truly-seeking heart might not draw delight. We do not pretend to any especial power of sight in this respect, but somehow the habit of studying Nature with pencil in hand, sharpens one's sight wonderfully, as well as one's ability to be delighted. Rarely have we found a better instance of this than in one of the late foggy evenings, when the Brooklyn ferry-boats could scarcely perform their accustomed duties. We, amidst an impatient, grumbling crowd, waited half an hour or so for the boat at the South ferry, perfectly

sure that if the grumblers could only have seen all there was of the grand in that mist shroud, with the lights streaming through it, and the muffled, mysterious steam shrieks and bell tolls which came from within it, they would have been content. We watched the revolving light on the Customs' building, wheeling its long beams of radiance around, first a white one, and then a red one, searching and seeking in the dense vapor for something that had lost itself; and it kept searching incessantly, until we saw it no more. Then, suddenly looming up out of the fog, came a red light, and two or three white ones—close at hand, and then the clanging of a bell from a ghost of a boat. On this phantom we stepped, and pushed off again into the dim, unknown, half-wishing, half-fearing some adventure in crossing—if, indeed, we were crossing to any place, and not sailing on a voyage of mystical discovery. Then we lost sight of all lights on shore, and heard around us everywhere bells and strange beatings and throbbings. Then, suddenly, again, close by, we saw another misty craft for a moment, and it was lost. Clanging, clanging—some far off and some near—came the bell sounds, and then one, growing louder, led us to two lights, glaring a welcome all were glad of but ourselves—we would willingly have voyaged the night through.

A FRIEND, wandering among the pine barrens of New Jersey, during the summer, gives the following humorous jottings of travel. He had been on a long, weary journey on horseback, and hungry and exhausted reached the house of the gentleman to whom he was accredited on business:—

I tell you I was hungry when I got there, and it was with no little pleasure that I saw, on entering his hall, a well-spread table to which I thought he would certainly invite me. There was a nice roast of mutton and potatoes smoking hot—it looked so like home;—in one corner were two pies and a tart, with clean little plates nicely arranged along side,—and in the sitting-room were two young ladies reading,—quite interesting-looking,—which, with fine cool breezes playing through the hall, I thought were sufficiently compensating for my hot ride. The gentleman came in, and gave me the information I wanted, and I thought the least he could do, in such a country, would be to invite me to sit down. But no petty delay that I could contrive, or magnetic influence that I could concentrate on his insensible spirit, would extract the invitation from him; so I took one "last long, lingering look" at the table, at the pretty girls, and the pleasant rooms, and then rushed out for the tavern, mentally—blessing the lack of Christian charity in the State of N. J. I wanted oats for my horse, but none could be had, so I wandered about, and asked if I could get a dinner: "Oh, yes," they could give me that, and proceeded to get it. I sat down to the table before the courses were brought in, and when they came—there was only one—my eyes rested upon nothing but a dish of boiled pork and potatoes, both boiled in the same pot, and the latter with their dirty skins on. As necessity knows no law of taste, I commenced the attack, when through the window I perceived the country gentleman's son running down to the tavern. "Good," says I, "he's in time yet; I will forgive him,—it was only thoughtless oversight, and he is now sending to repair it." I threw down knife and fork, and dumped my half-charged plate back into the dish,—pork, potatoes and all,—just as my young gentleman opened the door. I was ready to say yes, and go. But all my hopes were dashed by his simply saying that his father had sent him "to know the New York time." "Fifteen minutes past one," I exclaimed impatiently, scarcely looking at my watch. I returned to the pork and potatoes, which I was now to season with a disappointment. I had scarcely finished my

meal when the same young time-seeker entered, sat down before me, leaned back against the wall, and began to pick his teeth! I left, inwardly resolving if I ever met that man—I would invite him to dinner.

A WESTERN bachelor friend, in a private letter, "condoles in some measure," on the subject of matrimony, as follows: "You assure me that 'he who getteth a wife, getteth a good thing.' I confess, that, in my opinion of the 'holy estate,' I have been 'little better than one of the wicked'—as Falstaff says. But I am coming round. I begin to see that,

"Lives of married men remind us,
We may live our lives as well,
And departing leave behind us
An example that will 'tell.'"

"An example that some other,
Wasting time in idle sport,
Some forlorn unmarried brother,
Seeing, shall take heart—and court!"

THE following poem is, to our mind, one of the most perfect pieces of poetic composition in the English language, and they who speak of Bryant's declining power may read it more than once with advantage.—EDS. CRAYON.

THE SNOW-SHOWER.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

STAND here by my side and turn I pray,
On the lake thy gentle eyes;
The clouds hang over it, heavy and grey,
And dark and silent the water lies;
And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow;
Flake after flake,
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in a living swarm they come
From the chambers beyond that misty veil,
Some hover awhile in air, and some
Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.
All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,
Meet, and are still in the depth below;
Flake after flake,
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here delicate snow-stars out of the cloud
Come floating downward in airy play,
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd
That whiten by night the milky-way:
There broader and burlier masses fall;
The sullen water burles them all;
Flake after flake,
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide
From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and grey,
Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,
Come clinging along their unsteady way,
As friend with friend or husband with wife
Makes, hand in hand, the passage of life;
Each mated flake
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
Stream down the snows, till the air is white,
As, myriads by myriads madly chased,
They fling themselves from their shadowy height.
The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,
What speed they make, with their grave so nigh;
Flake after flake,
To lie in the dark and silent lake!

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear;
They turn to me in sorrowful thought;
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
Who were for a time and now are not;
Like these fair children of cloud and frost,
That glisten a moment and then are lost;
Flake after flake,
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide,
And a gleam of blue on the water lies,

And far away, on the mountain side,
A sunbeam falls from the opening skies;
But the hurrying host that flew between
The cloud and the water no more is seen;
Flake after flake,
At rest in the dark and silent lake.

—From the "Knickerbocker Gallery."

THE *Athenæum* says in a notice of a recent illustrated work:—"Mr. Birket Foster, whose genius is not vigorous or dramatic, but tender, delicate, and idyllic, could not have had a more congenial subject. * * * Their brevity suits him, their swift transactions suit him, and he is thoroughly at home. His imagination is one that seeks refuge in the dimness of chiaroscuro, rather than throw itself boldly into severe form—the most terrible test that pictorial imagination can be put to. Wrap your goddess in a cloud and any lass may pass for a Juno; but give us a statue of a god and we can endure nothing less than an Apollo. No one more tenderly than Mr. Foster can give us the thorny tangle of a brake—the serpentine weird crawling of mossy roots creeping to kiss the violets that grow among the withered grass of the covert near. No one gives better the masses of foliage and boughs, scarcely sufficiently permeated by light, and having more of the character of the yew than the elm or the oak. His skies are truthful, not monotonous, but too often mannered, always fleecy, but never divided into the three scientific regions which Mr. Ruskin has so eloquently defined. In surface he represents wood best, and invests other substances (even flesh) too often with this character. His touch is speckly and more delicate than vigorous. He is master of contrast and surprise, and produces his effects without theatrical lamp-light or French *coup de théâtre*."

THE DRAMA—JACOB LEISLER.—Subjects of sufficiently vital interest for statuary—especially where a local purpose is to be served—are not always at hand: nor are the proper subjects always fully appreciated. If the idea were entertained of an ornament of this kind for our City Park, facing our City Hall, could there be one more pertinent than a statue of JACOB LEISLER, the patriot, who fell a martyr to royal power on that very spot, more than one hundred and sixty years ago? This suggestion has occurred to us at this time, because the tragedy founded upon that period of our history, by Cornelius Mathews, and entitled "*Jacob Leisler*," is about being presented at the METROPOLITAN THEATRE, and will afford our citizens an opportunity to acquire a knowledge not only of so noble a character, but also of the customs, manners and appearance of our ancestors nearly two centuries ago.

THE late Mr. Pickering's collection of manuscripts and autograph letters was sold last week. There were several interesting relics of Burns. The most attractive was the original manuscript of "Scots who hae wi' Wallace bled," written in a fine, bold hand, which was knocked down to an American for £30. The original document, signed and sealed, appointing the poet an exciseman, produced £5 12s. 6d. A letter to Mrs. Dunlop, thanking her for friendly criticisms. "Not the blasting depredations of a canker-toothed caterpillar-critic," £5 12s. 6d. Part of a letter to Mrs. McLehose, containing the beautiful lines, "To Mary in Heaven," £7 10s. "The Brigs of Ayr," £6 5s. "On Cesswood bank a Lassie dwells," and "Auld Lang Syne," on one leaf, £10 10s.—*Athenæum*.

FROM a notice in *The Royal Gallery of Art*, edited by S. C. Hall, we extract the following:

We English, in our pride, are too fond of isolated enjoyment, of vigilantly-watched preserves, and jealously-guarded parks, and high walls, and thick shrubberies, and anything that can impress the owner with the feeling that what he owns is his own and no other's.